

ABOUT TRAVELERS REPOSE

Hu Maxwell Camps on the Old Pike

Hu Maxwell, of the Morgantown Chronicle, took a month's tramp from his home to the Sink of Pendleton and then through Pocahontas to Highland County. This very readable article was written to his paper from Travelers Repose, in this county.

Three miles from Travelers' Repose, on the feet of the Alleghany mountain at an elevation of 3,000 feet, we made our camp for the night. A fine spring by the roadside furnished abundance of cold water, and we cooked supper over our campfire. By that time the moon had made its presence felt. The clouds cleared away, and from the blue western sky the orb of night with its graceful crescent, shone through the oaks and the locusts which form the chief part of the forest of that portion of the Alleghany mountain. We swung our hammocks on the trees above the highway on the hill, and with the moon beams for a candle we lay down in our swinging couches for a night's sleep, which was made welcome and gracious by tired muscles.

Two rods below was the Staunton and Parkersburg pike. It wound up the mountain with bend and curve, with a broad roadway, a fine log rail, a feat of engineering skill worthy of admiration.

As I lay in my hammock, before sleep had claimed its own, I indulged my fancy a little while, and went back to the civil war, and thought of the part this great highway played in that struggle. It was a long, slender thread leading from east of the mountains to the northwestern part of the state, before Virginia was divided. It was almost the only means of communication between eastern and northern Virginia, when the war came. Virginia had long neglected the county beyond the mountains. She built many fine roads for her eastern people, but few for the children of the west.

When the war came, this pike from Staunton to Parkersburg was about the only road in possession of the Confederates, leading into the northwestern part of the state. They made frantic and desperate efforts to hold it, but the armies from the north took it mile by mile, while its Confederate defenders slowly fell back from point to point where they could hold their ground no longer. We may well imagine how keenly it was then brought home to the Virginians, how they had neglected to build roads over the mountains. It was then too late. The long thread leading westward from Staunton was all the hope the Virginians had of holding the country beyond the mountains.

While lying in my hammock, and before going into the vague land of slumbers, I permitted my fancy to picture the phantom generals passing down the pike toward the base of the mountain. The first was Porterfield. He was sent to hold West Virginia. He reached Grafton, fell back to Philippi, returned into Randolph and his command was taken from him.

Next came Garnett. He never returned. His routed army escaped by mountain paths.

Then came the great Lee. I imagined I could see him riding slowly down the pike near me. He was working out his strategy for the campaign by which he hoped to break the grip of the northern armies, and drive them back across the Ohio. Histories say but little of that campaign. Confederate writers seldom speak of it; but Lee set his heart on success, and failed. Blunders by his generals in Randolph county made it necessary that he retreat. He retraced his way up the mountain, along this pike and West Virginia was lost to Virginia forever.

Refreshed by a night's sleep we began our journey up the Alleghany mountain at sunrise. The pike followed slope and ridge,

mile after mile, over mounting higher and higher. The clear sky of the evening bore long since disappeared. For an hour we had seen clouds hanging on the summit of the mountain, and at 9 o'clock we entered the clouds, and found ourselves lost in mist which the wind drove swiftly across the ridge. The air was raw like October.

About 10 o'clock we reached the battle ground where the Confederates made their last stand in the forlorn hope of checking the advance of the northern armies over the mountain toward Staunton. Through the driving mist we caught our first glimpse of the yawning embrasure on the ridge above where the Confederates planted their cannon to sweep the road and the ridges below. On the next terrace above was the mound of earth and stone marking the place where another battery had threatened destruction to the advancing Federals. Still higher was another battery site, looming dim and grim through the masses of clouds and fog that swept across the heights. In wide defilements ran the rifle pits where the infantry was expected to hold the fort.

This was our first view of the battle ground, with its grass grown fortifications. It was a gloomy and spectacular scene. I was disappointed when I found that the clouds were settling down on the mountain, because I feared they would interfere with the view. But when I came within sight of the ramparts, and saw the effect of the sweeping clouds, I congratulated myself fortunate to be a witness to such a spectacle. One could imagine that he was looking upon an actual battle, with the batteries now hidden in smoke, and now partly revealed.

The mist made objects appear much farther away than they actually were, and of course very much larger. The mounds where the batteries stood appeared of gigantic size, very much larger than they are. One in particular, standing on the point of the ridge, was built of both earth and stone, part of the work being a natural ledge which projects from the ground. This seemed, when viewed through the mist, to be an extensive piece of masonry. When examined at close range it is quite commonplace in appearance.

This battlefield stands alone in one respect. It was the highest in the civil war, and this was the highest fortified camp. We read of the battle of Lookout mountain, and of Hooker charging the enemy above the clouds; but those heights were not hills compared with this. The trenches are 4,100 feet in altitude. They are two miles west of the summit of the Alleghany mountain, but they are of equal height with the main summit.

General Milroy led a union army up the mountain from the west and assaulted the confederates in their fortified camp.

The Confederates marched out on the ridge beyond, and fought them in the open. After a few volleys the Federals were repulsed, and General Milroy retreated to Hartsville in Pocahontas county, and the campaign for the year 1861 in this vicinity was at an end. The Confederates left their ground temporarily, but later they retreated across the mountain toward the east.

The farmer who owns the ground has cultivated the arts of peace. His best potato patch occupies the level platform on which the Confederate cannon stood.

Rain began to fall before we had finished our examination of the trenches. About noon we shouldered our packs and proceeded eastward across the mountain, and camped in the rain as usual at the very head spring of the James river.

DRESSMAKING.—Dressmaking done by Miss Ida Wald, room at the residence of Mr. S. L. Brown. Your patronage solicited.

SHRADERSVILLE

This has been the rainiest season since Noah ran his excursion from Kalamazoo to Mt. Ararat. It has been so wet in this country, the curls went stay in a pig's tail.

Several of the farmers are not done cutting grass. The delay is due to the excessive wet weather. Rev. Cooper preached the 10th anniversary of Mr. Clayton Dilley, at Bethel church Sunday, the 23rd at 11:30 a. m. Mr. Dilley was a devoted christian, a friend and neighbor, and will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

Rev. Cooper will commence his protracted meeting at Bethel, on Tuesday night, September 25th. All come out and make this meeting an interesting and successful one.

J. C. Harper, of Sunset, was in the Hills one day last week for a load of apples.

I would like for you to show me the man in the "Hills" that has got 3000 bushels of apples, I shot from Missouri, but you got to show me.

Mrs. G. E. Weiford and her son Forrest, of Edray, were visiting in the Hills last week.

J. A. Watkins, representing Chas. Brothers Nursery, was around last week selling nursery stock.

Miss Opal Dilley, who has been a Ellis Moore's the past six weeks, returned home Saturday.

Wanted: A Teacher for the Mount Taber School.

Butler Dilley was in this vicinity Sunday.

R. C. and R. L. Shrader marketed a load of apples at Marlinton Tuesday.

The writer is sorry to learn of Luther Hively being in the Hospital at Marlinton for treatment and operation, this being the fourth operation performed for appendicitis. It is hoped that this will prove a successful one.

Look out girls, a young man was seen with a collar round his neck and a buggy whip in his hand.

Still more weddings in sight.

Beard

Farmers are busy preparing to sow wheat, but little progress so far on account of the continued wet weather. Most all are through cutting corn.

Clifton Hill, of Boyer, has been working in this part all summer.

Marcellus Dorman is working at the carpenter's trade, at Millpoint.

J. W. Beard expects to go to the hospital again soon.

Miss Lizzie Pennell took up her school Monday. We wish her success.

Mrs. Marcellus Dorman and daughter have gone to Greenbrier to visit friends and relatives.

Clark Kellison was down over Sunday.

Miss Cens Dorman, from Marlinton, spent a few days with her brother.

Farm for Sale

A good farm of 76 acres on Knapps Creek, 2 1/2 miles south of Frost, 18 acres in meadow, about 30 acres in pasture and remainder farm and timber. New 4 room house, new barn and other outbuildings. Has good sugar orchard of 75 trees, and some young fruit trees. Farm is under good fence and well watered. Church and school convenient. On free mail delivery route and Telephone line. In good neighborhood and is a good home. For further particulars call on or address,

F. H. Devra, Frost, W. Va.

Notice

All persons having claim against H. O. Lunsader will please list the same with the undersigned.

A. M. Oliver, Darbin, W. Va.

WANTED.—Fireman, must be steady and sober. Married man preferred. Address Marlinton Light and Water Company, Marlinton, W. Va.

BAD WRECK.

Twenty-seven Cars Derailed on the C. & I.

Perhaps the most disastrous wreck in the history of the West Virginia Railroad, from a monetary standpoint, occurred at Elkins last night. The train on the grade between Elkins and Tunnel No. 1. A freight train consisting of 39 cars loaded with lumber, bark and pulpwood was being brought from Durbin. G. W. Mock conductor, and F. Dodson engineer.

Upon reaching the Cheat river grade the train was out in two and one cut brought up to the tunnel and left on this side; the second cut was then brought up, and while the engine was being taken down the siding so as to attach to the train the second section, which had not been securely fastened, started down the grade, running into the first section, which was loosened by the jar and the entire train started for a wild run down the mountain. Twenty-five of the cars were wrecked, wreckage being scattered at various places along the grade. A number of cars were wrecked at Hurdley's on the Sroemaker crossing, and in the big cut just east of Hurdley's curve. The track was torn up for a long distance and it will probably be late Friday before train service can be resumed on the road, although large forces of men are working at the scene of the wreck.

Jay Gilpin, fireman, who had exchanged places with the front brakeman coming up the grade, was seriously, if not fatally injured, being buried beneath the wreckage for seven hours in an unconscious condition. He was brought to Marlinton this morning and taken to his home at T. C. Curtis's, where he is still in a semi-conscious condition.

C. K. Crawford, brakeman, was bruised about the face.

Conductor G. W. Mock was also slightly bruised. —Inter-Mountain.

Glass

Glass is one of the most interesting as well as one of the most peculiar things in the world. It has curious and contradictory qualities, and many astonishing phenomena are connected with it. Brittle and breakable as it is, yet it exceeds almost all other bodies in elasticity.

If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to their original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts.

Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with the finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that have been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom; the thicker the bottom is, the more certain of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as mallet-balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, Jasper, stone, etc., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect, yet a fragment of flint not larger than a pea dropped from a height of three inches has made them fly.

Two men died at Elkins last week from over doses of cocaine. They were both in the habit of taking the drug.

This "dope" habit, which is worse than the combined ravages of tobacco, whiskey and morphine on the physical, mental and moral health, is a vice which is becoming very prevalent.

The Book Agent

The book agent walked in yesterday and unraveled seventeen hundred yards of the most damnable mixture we ever heard before we got him corked and put out of business. The remembered scraps of the diatribe ran as follows: "Selling the greatest and most valuable works ever erected by mortal man. No community safe without it. It is specific for the chicken pox and antiseptic to the itch. Yes all the wisdom bottled here from Satan's Rebellion to the close of the Ritz and Burdon muddle. Doctah Charles Dudley Warner got a corner on it this time. Was assisted by nine thousand associate editors and the work occupied 147 years. Cost twenty nine times more than the Encyclopaedia Britannica and sixty two times more than the Standard Oil Company. Great thing; great thing. Every single man who knows the rule of three from a wagon load of gum stumps buys this work. Buy quick, buy quick. The price will go up 298 per cent before tomorrow morning. You are the only man left outside the penitentiary that has not bought. Sign up quick. All educated men from Bird Center to Give-a-dam Gulch have bought. Look at the index. Find anything in it you want. Marginal notes, copper plates, type, ink, paper, Homer with whiskers, Hesiod in a claw hammer coat, Socrates in a cut-away and Euripides with a bustle. You can write July orations, sermons, poems, editorials, essays, creeds, wit, humor, satire, rot, billingsgate, hogwash, eulogy, irony, sarcasm, just by having my great Amatan Wonder—my double distilled m-o-r-g-e-l monster—my edited, concocted, compiled and published by Charles Dudley Warner and nine thousand other walking cyclones of wit and wisdom during a space of 147 years. Great mighty colossal stupendous, large and gigantic is this work of Charles Dudley Warner and all the wise men of his day. Want to write an editorial on Sam Dixon? Turn to index: Let us see "Slick, Salmon, Satan, Sam. Now for Dixon," Devil, Direful, Dangerous, Dixon. Snatch out a few sentences from Homer, a bouquet or two from Dean Swift, tear off a strip from James Sheridan Knowles. Unwind a yard or so from Prof. Longshank's Commentaries on the Day and Doing of Daniel Boon, revamp the stuff once and you have a made to order editorial on Sam Dixon.

The Editor: Get out, get out, D—m your book and Charles Dudley Warner. I have nine children starving, a mother-in-law coming to visit us, the locust and wild exhausted at home was struck by an execution, a distress warrant and a sight draft midway between the depot and the post-office. Gave the Ladies Aid Society a nickel, received a wailing cry from Fred Carel of the long since dead St. Albans Reporter that he too had fallen by the wayside. Hush! d—m you, police, help, murder, fire, earthquake. Get out, oh, for God sake, get D—m Warner and his book.

Book Agent: Yes but we are making a specialty of 31 volumes of Warner this morning at \$1.93. No money, no capital required. We pay the freight, or Jones will pay it, sign right here. You are the first man that has ever refused to take Warner. Charles Dudley Warner. You know Charles Dudley. He was editor in chief of Warner's Safe Kidney and liver cure until the liver and kidney business was superceded by the itch bacillus and appendicitis, in fact Mr. Warner sold out to the appendicitis people at a great profit several years ago. I was chief stenographer in that; I can unwind 375,000 yards per minute. The editor escaped through a knot hole of lethe to innocuous desuetude, where he was attacked by the patent medicine man with a cure for every human ailment from a crop of poor relations to a book agent. —Independent Herald.

WORSE THAN LEPROSY

Judge Dayton Uses Very Harsh Terms in Speaking of the Whiskey Business

At the opening of the term of federal court at Wheeling Judge Dayton in his charge to the grand jury gave particular attention to the liquor traffic, which the judge branded as altogether wrong, declaring ninety nine per cent of those in the business 'dishonest as they can be.'

"Beware of the anarchist," he said. "Who believes in no law, and beware of those who want a law, only for themselves for they are put one step removed from the anarchist." He traced the laws back to Moses and the grand jury system back to our Saxon ancestry explaining how the Saxons, with their love for their acres specified that the members of the juries should be freeholders.

"Three-fourths of all the cases coming before the federal court are violations against the internal revenue laws, cases on account of the whiskey business. I have heard honest and sincere, but misguided people say that the government was in league with the whiskey manufacturers, else it would prohibit the sale, but this statement is false.

"The government has no more right to prohibit the manufacture of whiskey than it has to prohibit the raising of corn. But it has a constitutional right to levy taxes and raise revenue and it could tax the farmers who raise corn, but instead the revenue are largely raised from taxes upon whiskey and tobacco. The collection of these taxes is necessary to maintain the courts and officials whose duty it is to see their enforcement and thus it becomes your duty to see that none of these products is sold unless the revenue tax is paid.

"This requires the utmost vigilance. The whiskey business is altogether in the wrong and the people who enter the business do so knowing it is wrong. They hope and expect to make other men's children into drunkards and prostitutes, hoping that some lucky chance will prevent their own children from meeting a like fate. Ninety nine per cent of all the people in the whiskey business enter it with the deliberate intention of being dishonest, if they can, and are always endeavoring to defraud the government.

"They go into business solely for the dirty dollars and every sort of scheme is resorted to defraud the government out of its taxes and you have to watch them all, from the bootlegger up. I am glad to report to you that at least one large express company has decided to receive no more C. O. D. whiskey orders for West Virginia points, but I want to say that this action was not decided upon without strenuous effort on the part of those who enforce the laws, and I should require more than a promise to make you certain that the law will not be again violated.

"It is an awful business; at best worse than leprosy. Some months ago the country shuddered at the spectacle of a gyrian leper being taken about the country—all were afraid to care for him. I want to say that the leper lived five months in my town and no one was contaminated, but the one saloon in my county seat in a single year, sent four men to their death, by accidents and murder. I would rather have a dozen lepers in my town than as many whiskey shops."

Notice to Contractors

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned Clerk of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, at this office in the Court House, if said County, until noon on the 29th day of October, 1906.

For the work of painting the outside wood work valleys and gutters of the court house and jail of said county. Paint to be furnished by the county. Specifications can be had at the Clerk's office of said county.

By order of the County Court of Pocahontas County, S. L. Brown, Clerk

FINNIGAN TO FINNIGAN

Superintendent was Flannigan; Boss av th' siction wuz Flannigan.

Whiniver th' cars got offen th' thrack, An' muddled up things t' th' devil an' back, Elinnigin writ it t' Flannigan. Aft' th' wrick wuz all on ag'in—Thot is, this Flannigan Reported t' Flannigan.

Within Flannigan frust writ t' Flannigan, He writed t' pages—did Flannigan An' he told jist how th' smad occurred. Full minny a t'ajus, blunderin' wur-r'd.

Din Flannigin writ t' Flannigan Aft' th' cars had gone on ag'in. Thot wuz how Flannigan Reported t' Flannigan. Now, Flannigan knowed more than Flannigan—He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan; An' it were 'im clane an' complately out.

T' tell whst Flannigin writ about In his writin' t' Master Flannigan So he writed back t' Flannigin: Make 'em brief, Flannigin!

Whin Flannigan got this from Flannigan, He blushed rosy rid, did Flannigan; An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pay ay

Thot it will be minny an' minny a day—

Before an' printindint—thot's Flannigan—

Gits a whack at this very same sin ag'in.

Reports won't be long ag'in," Wan day, on th' siction av Flannigan.

On th' road sup'rintinded by Flannigin

A rail gave way on a bit av a curve

An some cars wint of as they made th' swerve.

"There's nobedy hurted," sez Flannigan,

"But reports must be made t' Flannigan."

An' he winked at McGorriggan, As married a Flannigan.

He wuz shantyn' thin, wuz Flannigin,

As minny a railroader's bin ag'in An' th' smoky old lamp wuz burnin' bright

In Flannigin's shanty all thot night Billin' down his report, wuz Flannigan!

An' he writed this here: "Master Flannigan—

Off ag'in, on ag'in. Gone ag'in.—Einnigin."

By STICKLAND W. GILLILAN

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

By THOMAS HOOD

I remember, I remember The house where I was born,

The little window where the sun Came peeping in at morn.

He never came a wink too soon, Nor brought too long a day; But now I often wish the night Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember The roses, red and white

The violets, and the lily-cups— Those flowers made of light!

The lilacs where the robin built, And where my brother sat

The laburnum at his birthday— The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember Where I was used to swing, And thought the air must rush as fresh

To swallows on the wing; My spirit flew in feathers then, That is so heavy now, And summer pools could hardly cool

The fever of my brow!

I remember, I remember I used to think their slender tops

The fir-trees dark and high; Were close against the sky.

It was a childish ignorance, But now 'tis little joy

To know I'm farther off from heaven

Than when I was a boy.

My hats and Millinery have arrived, and are now open to your inspection at my store in Huntersville.

J. C. LOURY.

GREENBRIER HEAVY WEIGHTS

The Greenbrier Independent says a woman made nineteen pounds of butter from two and a half gallons of cream. We have never had more than a quart of cream in our house at one time, but at the rate of its weight two and a half gallons would weigh about thirty pounds. We don't know anything about the working of these new fangled separators but we do know if the milk had been skimmed in the honest way of our grand mothers, with a spoonful of milk thrown in to make the butter come easy, that the average is too high. Yea verily nine pounds would have been enough. They do strange things in the Greenbrier county to arrive at great weights however. We remember buying some sugar which was a part of one hundred pounds made from the water of one tree. So hard pressed had been this tree to make a record run that it had absorbed so much of the moisture of the lime impregnated soil that each cake of maple sugar had a lime stone rock in the middle of it that would more than equal the weight of its sugar coat. Some of their cattle have a strange habit of drinking vast quantities of water the morning they are weighed for market. This has been explained that the cattle knowing like the faithful ship of the desert that they will have need of the water on the long and thirsty journey to market take on a supply to last them several days. So careful are some of the Greenbrier shepherds to fleece the buyer that they will stand upon the scales with the sheep to see that they receive an honest weight and incidentally break the record. We knew of one man who was sold at four cents a pound six different time in one day, and then went home at night. In the final day to whom would this man belong? We would ask by way of parenthesis. Oh, Greenbrier, thou whose back is covered with moss, whose valleys are clothed with grass, upon whose hills a thousand herds wax fat, why dost thou persist in making record until even thy word has lost its weight!

Whiniver th' cars got offen th' thrack, An' muddled up things t' th' devil an' back, Elinnigin writ it t' Flannigan. Aft' th' wrick wuz all on ag'in—Thot is, this Flannigan Reported t' Flannigan.

Within Flannigan frust writ t' Flannigan, He writed t' pages—did Flannigan An' he told jist how th' smad occurred. Full minny a t'ajus, blunderin' wur-r'd.

Din Flannigin writ t' Flannigan Aft' th' cars had gone on ag'in. Thot wuz how Flannigan Reported t' Flannigan. Now, Flannigan knowed more than Flannigan—He'd more idjucation, had Flannigan; An' it were 'im clane an' complately out.

T' tell whst Flannigin writ about In his writin' t' Master Flannigan So he writed back t' Flannigin: Make 'em brief, Flannigin!

Whin Flannigan got this from Flannigan, He blushed rosy rid, did Flannigan; An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pay ay

Thot it will be minny an' minny a day—

Before an' printindint—thot's Flannigan—

Gits a whack at this very same sin ag'in.

Reports won't be long ag'in," Wan day, on th' siction av Flannigan.

On th' road sup'rintinded by Flannigin

A rail gave way on a bit av a curve

An some cars wint of as they made th' swerve.

"There's nobedy hurted," sez Flannigan,

"But reports must be made t' Flannigan."

An' he winked at McGorriggan, As married a Flannigan.

He wuz shantyn' thin, wuz Flannigin,

As minny a railroader's bin ag'in An' th' smoky old lamp wuz burnin' bright

In Flannigin's shanty all thot night Billin' down his report, wuz Flannigan!

An' he writed this here: "Master Flannigan—

Off ag'in, on ag'in. Gone ag'in.—Einnigin."

By STICKLAND W. GILLILAN

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

By THOMAS HOOD

I remember, I remember The house where I was born,

The little window where the sun Came peeping in at morn.

He never came a wink too soon, Nor brought too long a day; But now I often wish the night Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember The roses, red and white

The violets, and the lily-cups— Those flowers made of light!

The lilacs where the robin built, And where my brother sat

The laburnum at his birthday— The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember Where I was used to swing, And thought the air must rush as fresh

To swallows on the wing; My spirit flew in feathers then, That is so heavy now, And summer pools could hardly cool

The fever of my brow!

I remember, I remember I used to think their slender tops

The fir-trees dark and high; Were close against the sky.

It was a childish ignorance, But now 'tis little joy

To know I'm farther off from heaven

Than when I was a boy.

My hats and Millinery have arrived, and are now open to your inspection at my store in Huntersville.

J. C. LOURY.

IN MEMORIAM

This